

Ivory and Ebony

by Orange Squashed

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Summary: When a deranged cult threaten the existence of the worlds population, Aurora Dovecott finds herself in the middle of the battlefield once more. But when she is sent back in time to find a rare artefact, how will she fare against Tom Riddle? (Post Hogwarts Riddle Era i.e Borgin and Burkes) AU! There will be lots of relationship drama and teen angst!

1. Chapter 1

**A/N : I'm hoping that this will be quite a long story with lots of chapters, so i know there are some things that are a little confusing in this chapter but they will get explained! :) Really excited about this. Aurora will be traveling back to the late 1940's and will meet Tom Riddle at Borgin and Burkes. Thats when the main plot will start, so don't worry, our favourite dark wizard is coming into the picture soon enough. **

A Short Epilogue :

>Aurora Dovecott is nineteeen, beautiful and a VERY strange witch, with a VERY VERY strange past. She has recently regained the use of her magical power after nineteen years (oh yeah, did i mention she's been reborn?) and would really like to find out who made it possible. But the world is in crisis, a disturbed cult a threatening to blow up the planet and Aurora has become a useful pawn in the battle for survival.<p>

-o-o-o-o-

"Jerome, for goodness sake will you stop wriggling like that!" The witch glared at her pocket in annoyance, her companion was irritating her greatly.

"Why don't you try being shoved into a smelly pocket for hours on end!?" Jerome hissed, poking his scaly head out of his hiding place and flicking his long black tongue at her.

"I'm sorry, okay?" She sighed, flicking her white blonde hair over her shoulder and tapping her pocket affectionately. "You won't be in there too much longer, I promise." The ivory royal python hissed dramatically and slithered back into the pocket of her black pinafore dress obediently.

"What was that!?" The large, overbearing wizard who was guarding the door boomed at her.

"Parseltounge." The nineteen year old blonde stated simply, scuffing her Doctor Martin boot across the tiled floor of the Ministry of Magic courtroom. The wizard sneered at her.

"Disgusting." He muttered. She wasn't offended. Ever since she first realised she had regained her powers, she had mentally prepared herself for this, among several other possible outcomes.

She had wondered if they would make a scapegoat of her and throw her into Azkaban, or place her on a pedestal for all to look up to in these troubled times. But whilst she was entirely prepared for the way people would treat her now, she could never have been prepared for the Minister of Magic's insane plan.

Two hours earlier, he (Edward Kindlefeather, The Minister of Magic) had filled her in on the issues that had arisen since she was separated from the Wizarding World and she realised that there were even worse people than Voldemort and his Death Eaters. There were a group of people, both muggle and wizards alike, who believed that they had unlocked the power of eternal life. They also believed that the rest of the world's population were unworthy to live because they did not follow their rules. In short, it was a terrifyingly crazy cult.

The cult, who called themselves 'The Forefathers' had been started by two men, one a wizard, the other a muggle. They (apparently) discovered an artefact which offered eternal life; some speculated it could be the Philosophers Stone, or something similar, others guessed it to be a kind of Horcrux. Either way, the pair had begun to sell their secret to people (muggle or not) in return for their loyalty, trust and a measly five million pounds. This was clever though, as the Minister had said, because it meant they were only targeting the rich and the powerful. They had also sold them the secrets of their all-powerful God. The only God that truly existed, and who gave good people wealth and prosperity and bad people poverty and disease. Their God taught 'The Forefathers' that they were special, they were good and pure and they alone deserved to live forever.

And now, years later, they were in a terrifyingly powerful position. Experts had decided that it was highly likely that the two men who began the cult were nothing more than con artists selling their 'elixir of life' to make a quick buck. But now they were either missing, or dead and in their wake they left one thousand followers, who believed that they were immortal.

So, these 'Forefathers' made up of an extremely dangerous mix of the rich and those in positions of power, (People speculated that even the President of the United States could be one of them) had realised that with twenty-first century technology in all of its glory, combined with magic, they could make one hell of an almighty weapon.

And who could stop them? They were the most powerful organisation in the world, and the wealthiest.

So, in short, there was a very large group of powerful witches and wizards who believed that the poor should all die and they were planning to very unceremoniously blow them up with a giant magical nuclear bomb.

"Well, fuck." The blonde witch had stated once Kindlefeather had finished his tale. "I missed a lot, didn't I?"

The minister had only given her an indecipherable grunt in response to her rhetorical question. "You understand why you might be a bit of a cause of concern for us, don't you Miss Dovecott?"

"Oh, because I was turned into a Horcrux by Lord Voldermort when I was an infant? Or because I selflessly killed myself to help end the war?"

"Both." He stated clearly.

"Well, I bet Harry Potter isn't getting this kind of treatment." The witch muttered. The Minister raised an eyebrow in warning. "Look, its ok, I understand." She continued, forcing a small smile. "I got a lot of good press for killing myself, it almost made everyone forget I was ever associated with the Death Eaters. I can see why my blatantâ€|. She paused, finding it hard to find the correct word "aliveness, might be a little inconvenient." She shrugged, looking up at Kindlefeather with big blue eyes.

"These are troubled times, Aurora." He sighed, finally starting to loosen up and sat down in one of the many arm chairs in his large office. "You're technically a war criminal." His tone was almost apologetic now.

"I killed people on both sides, I know. But only those who were killing for their own interests or entertainment, I saved innocent lives." There was a large bubble of anger threatening to erupt from her chest.

"We all know that, Aurora. You didn't earn the title 'The Daughter of the Dove' for nothing. But the people are scared, they don't want another war. There will be some who remember your darker days, when the Dark Lord raised you as his equal, and there will be others, whose loved ones you couldn't save, who are still bitter. Either way, once they know you're alive, they'll be angry."

Aurora looked down at the tattoo of a dove on her right wrist, it winked at her. "It's not my fault he made a Horcrux for a Horcrux. I thought I was going to die, isn't it the thought that counts?"

The Minister of Magic laughed. "I'm afraid not."

There was a long moment of silence. The grandfather clock in the corner of the room suddenly became too loud and the seconds ticked by five times more slowly. Aurora wondered for a moment about her existence, something she tried to avoid as it confused even her. When she was just three years old a mysterious stranger had rescued her from Wools Orphanage and taken her home to the white cottage on the cliff. She could still remember the scent of sea water and the harsh

blistering wind. She remembered the pain and the screams, she remembered his experiments. The Dark Lord had wanted to create a seventh horcrux, but not just any old inanimate object would do. He wanted flesh and blood, he wanted a human horcrux. Not particularly practical to keep one immortal, but the power, the taboo, the experimentation, all appealed to him greatly. Then, a few weeks later, the Dark Lord lost his powers to Harry Potter, and back to the orphanage she went. When she turned eleven, Professor Dumbledore took his second trip to Wool's and informed her she would be going to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. But then, in her seventh year, Voldemort rose to power again, reclaiming Aurora as one of his most prized death eaters. She remembered the evening that he gave it to her, the necklace. It was small, a discrete brass locket, the same shape as a two pence peace with a glittering green emerald in the middle. He never told her what it was, that encased within it was a piece of her soul. So, when she, so ceremoniously killed herself at Riddle Manor, she didn't imagine she would be reborn. And that's where the whole story became a mystery. Her body perished but a new one was made, just a second old, an innocent little baby girl. The muggle caretaker found her and took her to Wools. Back where she started. But this time, there were no magical powers and Dumbledore never rescued her. Her new body was a muggle and the only connection she had with her past life were the necklace she had been found wearing and the dreams which haunted her every night.

"So, we might as well cut to the chase Minister. What is it you want?" The white haired witch leaned her tiny frame against the tiled wall behind her, nibbling on her thumb (an old habit) and gazed at the politician with wide eyes. He sat up straighter and cleared his throat, in an attempt to seem less approachable and more intimidating. "You know the saying Miss Dovecott, 'You scratch my back, I scratch yoursâ€!"

"And what if i don't want my back scratched? What if I want to go back to my normal life that I've been living for the last nineteen years and keep myself far apart from the wizarding community?" Her life had been just fine before she'd collapsed in the middle of London and woken up to find the bloody necklace glowing like kryptonite. She was doing well at university and had her future career all lined up. But she was back to being a witch and all that didn't matter anymore.

"You don't have that option I'm afraid." He strained his voice to sound stern and authoritative. "My cabinet wants me to act. I could throw you in Azkaban to show that the Ministry is capable, or I can rejuvenate your reputation and clear your name."

Aurora thought for a moment before answering, the thumb she wasn't chewing gently stroking Jerome's head. "Alright, what's the price?"

Kindlefeather smiled briefly. "The Hogwarts Founder's Shield."

The witch rolled her big blue eyes, why did the entire world's problems fizzle down to ancient artefacts?

"And where is the 'Hogwarts Founder's Shield?'" She asked mockingly.

"It was destroyed in 1952 by Grindelwald and his men." He said

gravely.

"Well." she started. "Isn't that handy?" The nineteen year old smiled sarcastically.

"So you will have to go back there to get it."

Aurora laughed, surely this old coot couldn't be serious! Time travel that far back was impossible.

"This is no joke Dovecott!" He shouted, suddenly angry. "As Minister of magic I have made the decision that no muggle will find out what is happening until it is absolutely essential. That shield is the only source of magical power that could equal the bomb."

'Well that answers it then.' Aurora thought, 'He's lost his fucking marbles.'. She decided to humour him. "Why? What does it do?" She asked.

"It's like a sponge for magic, it absorbs power and catalyses it." He was quieter now, clearly embarrassed. "We will announce the plan to the cabinet, have a very ambiguous story written up in the Daily Prophet, and then you will go."

She thought she might humour him some more and ask him how exactly she would be travelling.

"Time sand; the kind found in time turners. It works much like floo power. The use of it, of course is highly illegal and dangerous, but" he paused, much quieter now, "under the circumstances."

Aurora's heart beat started to pick up. He really meant it. This was his plan and either she went along with it, or she would be thrown into Azkaban. She glanced over at the door, a large, burly wizard stood in front of it, blocking her only exit. She was trapped.

"Now then." He spoke again, "I will go and fetch Miss Claddenbowl, she will be interviewing you for the story and writing up these events. She will be here in a few moments, do make yourself comfortable." And then he left, his tartan cape flouring behind him.

And that's when Jerome had started wriggling.

2. Chapter 2

**A/N I really had to improvise with Borgin and Burke's characters. There not really that much known about them, so i'm sorry if I've really messed up the canon but this is AU so oh well... :")
**

Aurora gently soothed the friend in her pocket so that he knew she was sorry. This was never meant to be a long visit. Jerome's long tongue tickled her finger tips and the young witch smiled. She had been standing in the Minister of Magic's office for a long time, silently staring at the disgusting coloured wallpaper and trying to follow its tangled patterns. She began to contemplate whether or not she should engage in conversation with the wizard guarding the door but just before she could open her mouth there was a sharp knock and door burst open.

An older witch, wearing horn rimmed spectacles strolled in, beaming. She

wore an eccentric bright yellow dress and lime green cloak. Her brassy blonde hair was scraped back in such a tight pony tail; Aurora thought she could see the hairs on her scalp breaking. Her wide toothy grin and narrow grey eyes stared back at Aurora excitedly. "Now then, you must be the famous Miss Dovecott!" The witch had such a high voice; Aurora wondered whether she found herself popular among the local dogs. "I am Pamela Pickleberry, writer for that daily prophet." She held out a thin, bony hand. Her nails were painted the same lime green as her cloak. Aurora took it begrudgingly and Pickleberry thrust them both into two of the Minister's armchairs.

"Now then sweetie," The way the journalist said the word 'sweetie' literally made Aurora's skin crawl; the older witch clearly assumed she was a child. "I'm going to ask you a few questions and I need you to answer as best you can, okay?" Pickleberry grinned at her again and waited for a response. Aurora simply nodded. The journalist realised this was going to be much harder than she had originally thought. "Alright then." The older witch started, taking out her Quick-Quotes Quill. "So, what's it like being back in the Wizarding World? I'm sure you're very excited!"

Aurora thought for some time about how to respond. She knew what the Daily Prophet were like, if she didn't give Pickleberry some answers worth writing about, she would make up her own interpretation. Deciding she would rather not be painted at the doe-eyed little girl the Ministry wanted her to appear, she answered. "I'm quite agnostic about it, I have been without the wizarding world for such a long time, you see?"

The older witch rolled her eyes, "Hmm, and what about this TOP SECRET mission the Minister of Magic has appointed you, that must be such an honour! Do you know why he chose you specifically?"

'Yes,' Aurora thought 'Because I'm a PR issue.' The fair haired nineteen year old wondered for a moment whether or not she should give that answer but decided she's rather this interview would end sooner rather than later. "I think it has something to do with my position during the Second Wizarding War. I'm quite honoured I suppose." This was a lie, she was not honoured to be subject to blackmail and almost certain death, but she resolved that Ms Pickleberry would write that she was anyway, so she might as well say it.

The questions continued: "To which Witch or Wizard do you look up to the most", "Do you regret the position you took in the War effort?", "What are your opinions about the current crisis regarding The Forefathers?" Aurora answered these with minimal effort, finally deciding she did not care what this old croon wrote about her in the blasted paper; she wouldn't read it, and no one she cared about would read it either.

The interview finished about two hours after it had started when the Minister returned and informed Aurora that she would be staying at the Leaky Cauldron that night (the guard wizard would be coming with her), in order to return to the Ministry for nine o'clock in the

morning for a press conference and public address before she began her 'mission' at ten o'clock sharp. Kindlefeather also informed her to make a list of everything she would need both for tonight and the time in the nineteen forties and to give it to the guard wizard (who she had decided to call, Mr Chuckles on account of his hard stare and unblinking eyes) when she had finished so that he may give it to the Minister's PA.

Aurora sighed; she had been in this damn office for six hours now. Jerome was as restless as she was irritable, Mr Chuckles was still watching her intently and she felt like the walls were staring to close in around her. She looked down at the list in her hands:

- 1) Five hundred galleons (for emergencies and living costs)
- 2) Nineteen forties attire; two formal dressed, seven day time dresses, three skirts, three blouses, high heels, low heels, underwear, nightwear, etc.
- 3) Potions: Felix Felicis, Essence of Ditany, Essence of Murtlap, Polyjuice Potion, one pack of Bezoars, and a strong sleeping draft
- 4) All the information available on The Founder's Shield:

She stared at it blankly for a few moments. She didn't know why she was bothering; she was going to die tomorrow. There was no possible way she could successfully go back in time that far and survive it. But then, she should be trying to escape, not making this pointless list. But then what if it did work? The theory didn't seem too flawed and it would be one hell of an adventure. The fair haired witch mused that her hunger for adventure would always be her downfall. 'Ok,' she thought to herself. 'If I'm doing this I'll need a plan.' She gazed around the room, as if the answer was somewhere in the disgusting wallpaper. But then she saw it, on the Ministers desk. The Hand of Glory. Aurora had seen it before at Malfoy Manor. It had always creeped her out, the way the dead hand twisted and twitched as though it was still somehow alive. But it was where it came from that gave her an idea.

- 5) All the information on Borgin and Burk's that is available. I need: all the information on employees, and information on every artefact on the shelves in September 1946. THIS IS IMPORTANT.

- 6) Books on ancient artefacts, Egypt, Runes, The Hogwarts founders and copies of the Daily Prophet from July 1946- September 1946.

She looked back at the list, feeling more satisfied with her progress. "Anything you need Jerome?" She whispered at her pocket, Jerome's small head popped out and flicked it's black tongue.

"Hmmm, a handsome boy snake to curl up with at night?" Jerome hissed, Aurora giggled. Jerome was her best friend; he was also the only homosexual snake she had ever met. This was probably due to there not being very many.

"I'm not sure that's going to be possible I'm afraid Jerr'" the royal python unceremoniously plopped his white head back inside his hiding place and grumbled something Aurora did not hear.

7) A bottomless box of Bertie Botts Every Flavour Beans.

She smiled at her finished work. Most of the things on there weren't very important, the clothes especially as she could transfigure those quite easily. She handed the completed list to Mr Chuckles who grunted before leaving the room for the whole of ten seconds to give it to the PA. Aurora wouldn't have had time to escape if she tried.

Her room at the Leaky Cauldron was bland and cold. She lit a fire quickly after arriving and had begun to run a bath. Jerome was extremely happy to be free of Aurora's pocket and had slithered out almost the second they had entered her room. The young witch had a few jelly beans left in her handbag and transfigured one into a mouse (the only version of the spell she had ever managed to do with ease). Jerome caught the small helpless creature all too quickly and had spent just ten minutes eating it whole. Aurora couldn't look, the action always unsettled her and she had left Jerome to his meal.

The young witch entered the steam filled ensuite bathroom and began to strip.

Taking off her black pinafore dress, white t-shirt, Doctor Martin boots, white socks and the rest of her underwear, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She was slim; her collar bones clearly defined and poking out from her skin. Her stomach was flat and defined as she had always enjoyed exercise and her legs were shapely and long. Her small fingers traced the outside of the tattoo on her left side, a cluster of beautiful pink and yellow flowers which swayed as though a summer breeze were dusting over them. Then there was the long, unbecoming scar on her right arm. Although her dove tattoo covered a little of the blemish, it was still painfully clear against her otherwise perfect white skin. She remembered how she had taken her dagger to her forearm and attempted to gouge the Dark Mark tattoo from her skin. How it had bled and burned. But when it had healed, the mark was replaced with a large and ugly scar.

It was memories like these, from her past life which gave her comfort. They were old memories but they were new to her. Clearer than her dreams and nightmares, they were the truths. Evidence that she wasn't crazy and that the ugly mark on her arm was not any old birth mark. When she had regained her powers, she had also regained these memories and despite the horror of her past, she was glad that she finally had the answers she had always searched for.

Now the scar was partially covered by her dove tattoo, which reminded her of the importance of her sacrifice and the peace that had come after her death. She sighed, realising that yet again, the world was not at peace, and yet again, it asked too much help from her.

She turned around to the sink and ran some hot water into the basin. "Jerome, I've run you a bath too." She called into the bedroom. The two foot long royal python, slithered into the bathroom through the door which Aurora help open for him. The witch closed it behind her friend and give him a lift up to the warm water she had run from him. "Ergh!" She crinkled her nose and shook her head "You've got blood all over your face you gross creature!" He laughed at her, a sort of breathy chuckle and emerged himself in the water.

Aurora scrapped her long, white blond hair into a messy bun and

climbed into the bath tub; the hot water relaxing her muscles. She could feel the tension dissolving from her knotted shoulders. "How much of today's events did you hear Jerome?" She asked, peering over at her companion who was resting his scaly head lazily on the rim of the basin, looking at her with his large black eyes.

"Only enough to know that today wasn't a good day." He sighed, clearly enjoying the feeling of the warm water.

"It's bad, Jerome. We need to talk about it." The fair haired witch splashed her face with water and sank deeper into the bath. "Look, you know you're not my pet. You know you can leave anytime you like, you don't have to come with me." The snake raised his head briefly and nodded. "Well, the mission the Minister is forcing me to do, it's practically suicide and the alternative is a life time stay in Azkaban."

Aurora stayed quiet for a moment, letting the words sink in. She'd said it out loud and now it all seemed so real. "He's sending me seventy years back in time to get some old shield. He thinks it could save the world, but it's most likely just a way to get rid of me." She gazed at the snake for a moment.

"You're right." He said, "It is suicide." Aurora expected her friend to slither out of the sink, out of the bathroom, out of the hotel room and never look back. He stayed. "Why aren't you trying to escape?"

"I thought about it" Aurora started. "But, then I realised, there's no going home. They'd find me. Then what do I do? Live on the run? Constantly looking over my shoulder? They'd throw me in Azkaban without as much as a hearing. I don't want to live like that, would you?"

"Better to live like that than not live at all." Jerome muttered.

"Besides." The witch sat up a little, gazing at her friend with wide blue eyes. "It might not kill me."

There was a long silence. After a while, Aurora clambered out of the bath and let the water go. She wrapped a large towel around herself and got a smaller hand town for Jerome, gently lifting him out of the water and wrapping him in it. They left the bathroom and the young witch placed the snake on her bedside table and pat him dry. Aware that he would feel the cold, she wrapped him back up in a soft, fluffy pink blanket (his favourite one which she always kept in her hand bag for him) and placed him by the fire to get warm. She slowly dried herself and tugged on a pair of soft pyjama bottoms she had transfigured for herself and then an oversized grey sweater. Finally Jerome broke the silence.

"I'll come with you." He said, quite matter-of-factly. Aurora couldn't hide her shock, or her large toothy smile. But before she could thank her friend or ask him why, there was a knock on the door. She went over and cautiously opened it. It was Mr Chuckles. Without so much as a 'Hello' the burly wizard held out a large leather trunk. She took it, muttering a 'thank you' and noticing his gaze attached to the snake bundled up in a bright pink blanket.

"Strange Witch" Mr Chuckles murmured before turning away and sitting heavily down on a small wooden chair (which looked like it might crack under his enormous weight) just opposite Aurora's room.

"Will you be out here guarding me all night?" She asked, mostly out of curiosity and a little pity, considering she had already decided she would not try to escape. The wizard grunted what seemed to be a 'yes.'

The young witch thought for a moment about what she should do. She eventually decided to take out her wand and transfigure a small table next to his chair and on it a nice, hot cup of tea and two chocolate hobnobs. The wizard looked extremely surprised and, not expecting a 'Thank You', Aurora smiled and closed the door.

"So you'll come?" The witch turned her attentions back to Jerome and then the trunk. She took the heavy luggage over to the bed and started rummaging through its contents.

"Yeah, I think I'd die of boredom without you. Besides, I've hit on every male snake in this century, so maybe I should try the last one." Aurora let out a snort of laughter. The trunk seemed to contain everything she had on her list, which surprised her. Things like the Felix Felisis and five hundred galleons, she just put on to see whether or not she would get them. As it turns out, clearly the Minister actually believed his plan would work, as she doubted, if he was just trying to off her, he would allow five hundred galleons to burn up in the time vortex. Aurora wished she'd asked for more.

Scooping up the file on Borgin and Burke's, the petite witch clambered into bed. Without using her wand she levitated Jerome and his blanket to her side, and then her white iPhone 6 from her handbag. She set an alarm for 8:00am and cast a charging spell she'd created so that the phone read one hundred percent battery. Then she turned her attention to the file.

'Employees:

Arkus Borgin, Founder and Manager. Mr Brogin would mainly handle the customer service and pricing of goods. He was not very academically clever and took a backseat role in the running of the shop, however he showed a great interest in the dark arts. Borgin died in 1992, during the war.

Caractacus Burke, Founder and manager. Mr Burke takes a leading role in the affairs of the shop. He is known for taking advantage of people and driving hard bargains. He achieve outstanding in eight N.E. including defence against the dark arts and is extremely proud of his pure blood heritage. He went missing in 1947, leaving Borgin to run the shop.'

Then Aurora stopped dead. Staring at the next name on the list. 'Tom Riddle.'

"Well, fuck." She muttered out loud, arousing the interest of her serpent friend.

"What?" He muttered sleepily. Jerome slithered out of his blanket bundle and peered at the file she was reading, she laughed at him a

little, it's not like he could read it after all.

"Unfortunately for us, the darkest wizard of all time seems to have spent a little time in retail." Aurora grimaced at the bizarre fact. Jerome snorted.

"Why?" He hissed in a twisted delight. "Was he saving up for a nose job?" Aurora giggled eyes scanning over the Dark Lords profile.

"Apparently not." She stated as she read the description 'charming and good looks'. "Well I suppose he didn't always look like that did he? Must have been normal once." She continued reading. "Oh, never mind, he killed his own father and grandparents when he was sixteen. Oh and he opened The Chamber of Secrets when he was in school. Yeah, he was never normal." She read on, becoming more and more interested in Lord Voldemort's past. She hadn't considered he'd had a life before he'd stolen hers. "Talented?" She scoffed. "I would hardly call manipulating people to part from their dodgy dark

artefacts a 'talent'." She thought about everything she knew about Voldemort.

He was very clever and powerful, good at legilimency, that could be troublesome and he was indeed manipulative. But luckily for Aurora, she was every bit as powerful and manipulative. She shared many traits with the Dark Lord, parceltongue being one of them. She wasn't too worried about facing him in a duel, but to be spending every working day with him? That thought was unsettling.

"What would he be doing wasting his time working in a little shop?" Jerome asked, making his way back to his make-shift bed.

"Well I have a pretty good idea. His other horcruxes were all valuable artefacts; it's probably where he found them." Aurora frowned. She would already be competing against Grindelwald to get the shield; she didn't need

this Tom Riddle kid fighting for it as well.

"I need a cigarette." The young witch said out loud to no one in particular. She doubted Mr Chuckles would be too happy about her taking a little trip outside.

"Well, at least people smoke inside in the nineteen forties, right?"

The young witch blew out the candle on her side table and laid down, ready for a completely sleepless night.

End
file.